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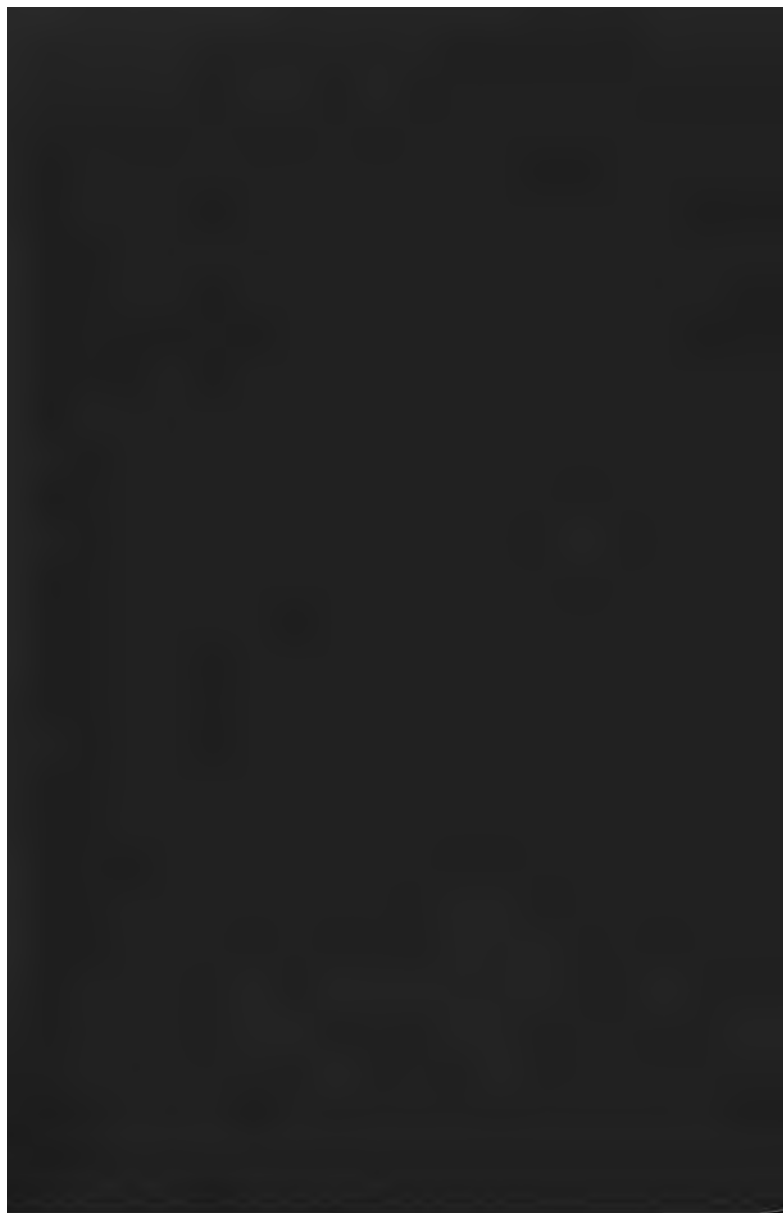
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387.









# ECCE AGNUS DEI.

EMBLEMS AND THOUGHTS OF CHRIST.

BY  
E. H.



---

Ἐξ αὐτοῦ καὶ δι' αὐτοῦ καὶ εἰς αὐτὸν τὰ πάντα ·  
Αὐτῷ ἡ δόξα εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.

ROMANS xi.

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**In Memoriam.**

**E. M. H.**

**JULY, 1872.**

## Funeral Hymn.

---

O, blessed Lord of Bethany, to-day  
We ask thee once again,  
To be a mourner in a funeral train,  
And to go forth with us on our sad way.

©, Son of Man, we need  
The loving solace of Thy sacred tears ;  
The wound that makes the pierced heart to bleed,  
The suffering Christ to suffering man endears.

And yet, we know,  
She, whom we follow in this mournful track,  
For whom our eyes with sorrow overflow,  
Doth in the sunshine of Thy presence glow.  
We do not ask her back :  
Hers are the white robes, we alone wear black.

But we would feel,  
Thy human sympathy in this sad strife,  
E'en while we kneel  
To Thee, as Resurrection, and as Life.

Her loving light  
Shone on us gently all her sweet life through,  
Till Thou did'st find its beauty grown so bright,  
That Thou did'st set her in Thy Heaven of blue ;  
Where she shall be  
A guiding star for each of us to Thee.

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# ECCE AGNUS DEI.

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## I.—THE WELL IS DEEP.

Thy saying is most true—  
Salvation's well is deep ;  
Only Christ's hand can reach the water blue,  
And even He must stoop to draw it up.  
Ere He can fill thy cup.

---


## II.—THE MERCY OF CHRIST.

### I.

Man scoffs at sin, but Thou o'er sin dost weep,  
Knowing the terror of its mortal sleep,  
To which eternal death unseen doth creep.

### 2.

Eternal death, all ready with his dart,  
To plunge in the unconscious sleeper's heart,  
And yet he doth not even move or start ;



## 3.

But Thou, O Christ, in that dark hour of dread,  
Put forth Thy hand and bare the blow instead,  
Drawing it in with Thine own life-blood red.

## 4.

And at Thy groan the sleeper doth awake ;  
Seeing what Thou hast done for his poor sake,  
His heart with gratitude and love doth break.

---

## III.—THE HEM OF HIS GARMENT.

## 1.

O God of Calvary and Bethlehem,  
Thou who didst suffer rather than condemn,  
Grant me to touch Thy garment's healing hem.

## 2.

Thou trailest Thy fair robes of seamless light  
Through this dark world of misery and night ;  
Its blackness cannot mar Thy spotless white.

## 3.

Thou dost not, Master, as we pass Thee by,  
Draw in Thy robes lest we should come too nigh ;  
We see no scorn in Thine all-sinless eye.



## 4

There is no shrinking even from our touch,  
Thy tenderness to us is ever such,  
It can endure and suffer from us much.

---


## IV.—HIS CONDESCENSION.

Unworthy, Lord, are we,  
The latchet of Thy sandal to untie ;  
Yet Thou, O God, from Thine eternity  
Dost come forth clothed with our humanity ;  
Most wondrous of all wondrous mystery,  
The Maker, and yet Servant, of our race ;  
And in the awful grandeur of Thy grace,  
Bending before us on Thy human knee,  
Dost wash the dust of sin from our poor feet,  
That they may tread unchallenged Heaven's street.

---

## V.—THE PREACHING OF CHRIST.

Thy ministers at Thy command  
Thy water-pots with water fill,  
Draw out and bear them through the land.  
Yet they contain but water still,  
Until Thy word divine  
Doth change it into wine.



## VI.—EMBLEMS OF CHRIST.

Thou everlasting Rock,  
Our refuge from the o'erwhelming shock  
Of death and hell's surrounding sea ;  
Steps were hewn out for us in Thee,  
    That we might climb  
    Thy height sublime,  
And reach God's grand eternity.

---

## VII.—THE DOOR.

O Door of Paradise,  
Thou art so wide thou canst admit us all,  
So narrow sin may never through thee crawl.

---

## VIII.—THE CORN OF WHEAT.

O Corn of Wheat, which God for us did sow  
In the rough furrows of this world of woe,  
That Thou for us the Bread of Life might be  
To nourish us to all eternity.  
Grant us, through faith, O Christ, to feed on Thee.

---

## IX.—THE VINE.

O true and living Vine,  
Bending so low from Heaven in Thine endeavour  
To give us all of Thine immortal wine,  
That we may live for ever.

X.—THE TREE OF LIFE.

O Tree of Life,  
Beneath whose blessed shade  
We may lie down and rest,  
None making us afraid.

---

XI.—THE WAY.

Thou art the Way  
Stretching across earth's shifting sand  
Unto the promised Land,  
Walking in Thee our feet can never stray.

---

XII.—THE LIGHT.

Thou art the Light that lighteth every man,  
Priest, Levite, Pharisee, and Publican,  
The Israelite in whom there is no guile,  
And Him whom sin doth most defile—  
Each, all may see  
God's Light in Thee.

---

XIII.—THE BRIGHT MORNING STAR.

Thou art the Bright and Morning Star,  
Emmanuel.  
Through all the heat and burden of life's day,

Oh ! may my heart's deep well  
Reflect Thy light divine,  
And in my day's decline  
Rise, Thou, as Evening Star, and on me shine.

---

#### XIV.—THE ROSE OF SHARON.

O ! Rose of Sharon,  
Thou can'st not wither or decay,  
Gathered, thou dost not shrink to rest  
Upon each human breast ;  
Worn there Thou lovest best to be,  
Shedding Thy fragrance sweet from day to day,  
Exhaling immortality.

---

#### XV.—THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Lily of the Valley,  
So pure and holy,  
And yet so lowly,  
Growing for man beneath his feet ;  
Alas ! that he should see  
Such little beauty to desire in Thee ;  
Or that his blinded eyes  
Should in Thy petals sweet despise  
The folded glory of the Deity.

## XVI.—THE LAMB.

Thou art a gentle and most loving Lamb,  
Wounded to give us balm ;  
And still wherever sin doth reign  
Thou day by day art slain.  
When will man cease to give Thee pain ?

---

## XVII.—THE LION.

Lion of the tribe of Judah,  
Thou hast prevailed to break the seals of grace  
For man's lost race,  
Guarded by Thee we fear no more  
The lion seeking whom he may devour ;  
He hath no power  
To hurt the sheep  
Whom Thou dost keep ;  
So mighty, yet so gentle, Lord, Thou art,  
The lambs may nestle in Thy Lion's heart.

---

## XVIII.—THE TRUTH.

Thou art the Truth, Thou, only Thou can'st tell  
The awful mysteries of Heaven and Hell,  
Who hast of both the key ;  
O ! may we learn of Thee  
To seek the one and from the other flee.

## XIX.—THE SPIRIT REVEALING CHRIST.

God's blessed Spirit shakes the Tree of Life  
As with a rushing mighty wind  
Casting its leaves of healing on the ground  
For all mankind.

---

## XX.—CHRIST'S BIRTH.

God will reveal Himself to man  
In awful majesty and might,  
In flaming and consuming light !  
Come and see  
An Infant on His mother's knee.  
In this dear child at rest,  
God is made manifest.  
Can this be He—  
The conquering Christ for whom the world hath waited  
long—  
Go forth and listen to the angels' song ;  
Be not offended thus to see Him weak,  
This is the Son, bend down and kiss His cheek,  
Then, with the wise men, fall upon thy knee,  
For Bethlehem's gate leads out to Calvary,  
Where He will yet more humbled be,  
Even unto death in agony,  
And all for thee.

## XXI.—CHRIST'S INFANCY.

## 1.

The voice that said " Let there be light,"  
And called forth rolling worlds on high,  
Is dumb in infancy to-night,  
Or utters forth a wailing cry.

## 2.

The everlasting King of kings  
Who was, and is, and still shall be,  
Hath folded His Almighty wings  
And sleeps, a Babe, on woman's knee.

---

XXII.—CRADLE SONG OF THE VIRGIN TO  
CHRIST.

Sleep, Baby sleep, I tremble while I sing  
A lullaby to Thee who art my King,  
Thou who hast come, the world to bless.  
To me it seems  
An awful bliss  
Thy lips to kiss,  
Or break Thy dreams with fond caress.  
Sleep, Baby sleep, our sun is not too bright  
To waken Thee ;  
For after Heaven's light  
How dark our world must be.

How strange it is to see Thee weep,  
Or hear Thee sigh  
Like one of Thine own erring sheep,  
But ah ! Thou canst not die.  
Sleep, Baby sleep, some mothers weep  
Because with all their love and pains  
Their little ones they may not keep.  
Why should I even think of this ?  
My Babe, through death, I may not miss,  
Eternal life is in His veins.  
Sleep, Baby sleep, the hour is near  
When I shall see my wondrous Boy,  
In all a mother's hope and fear,  
Crowned at Jerusalem with joy.  
Why through my mind do Simeon's dark words  
dart ?  
"A sword shall also pierce through thine own heart."  
Surely it cannot be  
That earth hath aught of agony for Thee.

---

### XXIII.—THE MAN OF SORROWS.

Christ's sighs  
Are borne to us across the sea of years ;  
Christ's eyes  
We see still filled for us with human tears.



Yet from this vision of the Christ we part  
Unmelted and unmoved;  
Piercing His tender heart  
Which hath so loved  
With one more dart.

---

## XXIV.—“LIKE AS WE ARE.”

This world is drear  
Until we realize  
That Thou wert here,  
And one of us.  
Lord Jesus, thus  
Thy presence sanctifies,  
With all its sorrow and its strife,  
Our human life.

---

XXV.—“HE THAT HATH SEEN ME, HATH  
SEEN THE FATHER.”

We seek no sign,  
It hath sufficed  
For us to see the Father in the Christ;  
If by its gathered fruits we judge the tree,  
What holiness is thine! What purity!  
Thy life is such a miracle,

None could have lived save an Emmanuel.  
We need not ask with Pilate, "Whence art Thou?"  
Even with the twisted thorn around Thy brow,  
Full well we know Thine origin divine.

---

XXVI.—"HE WAS AFFLICTED."

Thou, Thou wert tossed—  
Tossed on the troubled sea of human life,  
Rock'd on the billows of its fiercest strife,  
That we might be  
Raised to the calm of Heaven's unruffled sea,  
O Saviour of the lost.

---

XXVII.—THE RANSOM.

Christ did not send,  
But came Himself to save ;  
The ransom price He did not lend,  
But gave.  
Christ died, the Shepherd for the sheep ;  
We only fall asleep.

---

XXVIII.—GOOD FRIDAY.

That day of crime,  
That day, or rather night, of Calvary ;  
Darkest of time,  
And yet the light of all eternity.

## XXIX.—THE GREEN TREE.

Good Friday—well our lips may call thee good,  
Although a day of agony and blood ;  
A day of dying, yet a day of life ;  
A day of peace and of most bitter strife.  
When to the roots of life's immortal tree,  
So fair and green from all eternity,  
The axe of death was laid for man's rude sake,  
An ark of refuge for his race to make ;  
Thus sheltered in this ark of gopher wood,  
Good Friday—well our lips may call thee good.

---

## XXX.—THE SEPULCHRE.

Where lay  
The Lord of Light,  
Angels may  
Sit in white.  
Why, grave, thou art as Heaven to-night,  
Holding the Prince of Immortality  
In thy dark room !  
Strange Heaven for Thee,  
Thou that inhabitest eternity—  
A tomb.

---

## XXXI.—THE RESURRECTION.


O Death, where is thy dart ?  
Hidden in Christ's heart.  
When I that wondrous heart had stilled,  
I deemed that I the life had killed,  
And laid for ever in the grave ;  
But He awoke in all His might,  
And all my power was put to flight.  
A captive Ethiopian slave  
Taken by Him in mortal fight,  
Dragged at His chariot wheels of light,  
The porter now of Heaven's gate  
Compelled to wait,  
Clad in its livery of white.

---

## XXXII.—CHRIST'S PEARLS.

## I.

Surely we are to Thee pearls of great price,  
That Thou, O Christ, should be our sacrifice ;  
That Thou shouldst seek us on death's awful  
shore,  
*To wear us as Thy pearls for evermore.*



## 2.

Pearls freed from all earth's rubbish and its sand,  
And cleansed with precious blood by Thy right  
hand;  
For ever and for ever may we shine  
Pearls on Thy breast-plate, Great High Priest  
divine.

---

## XXXIII.—THE FRAGMENTS.

“That nothing may be lost.”  
This was the wondrous love that prompted Thee  
To gather up the fragments of humanity,  
Scattered and broken on the ground,  
At so much cost ;  
Where sin abounded, grace doth more abound.

---

## XXXIV.—THE SEA BIRD.

O Christ, in this dark world,  
Thy life of spotless purity  
Is as the sunlit white of sea-bird, shining  
Against a thunder-cloud's black lining ;  
Our thunder-cloud of sin hath burst on Thee,  
In drops of agony ;  
And unto us there doth remain  
The shining after rain.

## XXXV.—CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

The power which Christ doth crave  
Is power to save ;  
Not that which tyrants of the world enjoy,  
To kill and to destroy.  
Where'er He reigneth, there He maketh free,  
Sons, and not subjects, He would have men be ;  
Obeying Him in love's deep liberty,  
And perfect unity.

---

## XXXVI.—ITS EXTENSION.

Christ's kingdom, like a calm, incoming tide,  
Doth gently glide ;  
It doth not break in fierce tempestuous shocks  
Against the rocks ;  
But round the shores of earth will softly creep,  
Till it hath filled the world with its blue deep.

---

XXXVII.—THE ENTRANCE INTO THE  
KINGDOM.

He who would be  
Taken by Christ into His arms, and set upon His knee,  
Must as a little child become ;  
This of Christ's teaching is the simple sum.

## XXXVIII.—“CHRIST DIED FOR ALL.”

If gazing on a human face  
I seem to think it commonplace,  
A voice still whispers at my side,  
“Despise not him for whom Christ died.”  
The halo of a light divine  
Seems on each human brow to shine,  
The halo of that love of Thine.

---

## XXXIX.—THE SUN OF GRACE.

As I have seen the sunlight fly apace  
From hill to hill, till all the darkened row  
Shone in its glow ;  
So is it with the Sun of Grace,  
Which still from heart to heart doth shine  
Till all the world doth move in light divine.

---

XL.—WILLETH THAT ALL SHOULD COME  
TO REPENTANCE.

The day of vengeance on a guilty race  
Joshua lengthened out at Ajalon ;  
Our Joshua the sun of grace  
Commandeth to shine on,  
That for repentance all may find a place.

## XLI.—REPENTANCE.

## I.

When Truth's dread light around us flashes,  
And when within our conscience lashes,  
We sit in sack-cloth and in ashes—

## 2.

When we begin ourselves to know,  
Had we no Christ to whom to go ;  
Oh ! dark unutterable woe.

## 3.

Were there no Lamb amidst the throne ;  
It were for sinless knees alone,  
At sight of it we should but groan.

## 4

The awful dazzling of its white  
To us were blackness dark as night,  
But Christ is there to shade the light.

## 5.

Our eyes with tears for sin are dim,  
But when we lift them unto Him,  
They lose their sorrow's darkening rim.

---



## XLII.—CONFESSION.

The fault I dare not own,  
Lord, I will tell 'twixt Thee and me alone ;  
I will look up into thy sinless eye,  
None other standing by ;  
For I would whisper in no human ears  
The sins and sorrows which I tell to Thee,  
Encouraged by Thy wondrous sympathy,  
Which for upbraiding only giveth tears ;  
Ah ! who is like to Thee ? I know no other,  
Thy love hath gained thy brother.

---

## XLIII.—CHRIST'S INTERCESSION.

Speak, Lord, for Thy Father heareth,  
Heareth Thee ;  
And my spirit feareth,  
Plead Thou for me.

---

## XLIV.—REST.

And canst Thou give me rest  
In the perplexing strife  
Of this strange human life ?  
Calm in this troubled breast ?

Here cumbered upon earth,  
Alike with grief and mirth,  
Thou sayest "Come to Me,  
And though thou mayest draw near  
With trembling, doubt, and fear,  
I will thy Saviour be."  
Lord, I will come to Thee,  
Stretch out Thine arms for me.

---

## XLV.—SELFISHNESS.

E'en as the ivy which the tree around  
Clings closer day by day,  
Working its dark decay,  
Until the axe doth fell it to the ground ;  
Such is the selfishness which fain would grow  
Around our hearts till it had laid them low.  
O Lord, by grace divine,  
Unclasp its tendrils from this heart of mine.

---

## XLVI.—MINISTRY.

Heaven's highest degree  
Is that of ministry ;  
While Christ doth minister upon His knees,  
Can we sit still at ease ?

XLVII.—THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN LIGHT  
AND DARKNESS.

I saw a tree  
With sunlight touched upon its stem and topmost  
bough,  
An emblem of the spirit's life it seemed to me—  
Light dimly struggling with the dark shadow,  
For its possession full and free.  
The light of God which fain would bathe us all,  
And can but faintly touch us, here and there,  
With its soft radiance fair,  
Because earth's shades so thickly round us fall.

---

## XLVIII.—CARE.

As one who through a tree  
Looks unto distant sunlit hills  
And cannot see  
Their beauty through the branching tracery,  
So we,  
From this dark world of which we are so fond,  
Through the dense branches of the tree of care,  
Which, although leafless, all our vision fills,  
Can scarce discern the radiance fair,  
Of the bright world beyond.

## XLIX.—AFFLICTIONS.

As a ploughed field,  
Left desolate and bare  
To winter storms and chilly frosty air,  
Yet only thus made dreary for awhile,  
That richer there the harvest grain may smile ;  
So is the heart whose sod,  
Tender and green,  
Hath been  
Upturned by God,  
Its sprouting blades laid low,  
Yet only broken thus by grier's ploughshare,  
That in its furrows He might sow  
The seed of righteousness which shall increase  
Until it yield the harvest of eternal peace.

---

L.—TRIAL.

As sunlight falling upon dying leaves,  
Or gathered harvest sheaves,  
Are human love and pain,  
Which struggle all in vain  
Health to rekindle in the languid vein  
Of one beloved. Must human love all end in this—  
A death-bed kiss ?  
Not so, look onward, forward, higher still,  
O'er death's dark valley shineth Sion's hill ;

And when the loved one's setting sun hath set  
In cloud-bands of regret,  
The moonlight of Christ's sympathy doth rise,  
Silvering the darkened skies.

---

## LI.—BEREAVEMENT.

## I.


When we behold  
God walking through our household fold,  
And choosing there one of His own dear sheep,  
Whom we would keep,  
How can our eyes forbear to weep ?

## 2.

Where God doth ask,  
Is it to give so hard a task ?  
That with so much ado and weeping,  
We yield to His eternal keeping ?  
Where He hath sown, can we forbid the reaping ?

## 3.

Take, then, the best,  
Fold them as lambs within Thy breast,  
And with Thy Holy Spirit's dew,  
So, blessed Lord, our hearts renew,  
That we some day be folded by Thee too.



## LII.—SORROW.

Should sorrow lay her hand upon thy shoulder,  
And walk with thee in silence on life's way,  
While joy, thy bright companion once, grown colder,  
Becomes to thee more distant day by day ?  
Shrink not from the companionship of sorrow,  
She is the messenger of God to thee ;  
And thou wilt thank Him in His great to-morrow—  
For what thou knowest not now, thou then shalt see—  
She is God's angel, clad in weeds of night,  
With "whom we walk by faith and not by sight."

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## LIII.—THE CHRISTIAN MOURNER.

## I.

I thank Thee for this heavy loss ;  
I thank Thee for this bitter cross ;  
Because it hath seemed good to Thee,  
To send this cross and loss to me.

## 2.

I know it was no random blow  
Which laid thee, my own darling, low ;  
Not death, but Christ, who said to thee  
"Come hither, oh ! my friend, to me."

3.

Death hides, but he cannot divide ;  
Thou art but on Christ's other side ;  
Thou art with Christ, and Christ with me,  
In Christ united still are we.

4.

I know that Christ will never chide  
My sorrow, He hath wept and sighed ;  
I feel the pressure of His hand,  
I know that He doth understand.

5.

And O ! what blessedness, relief,  
To tell the Christ of God my grief ;  
Dear Man of Sorrows, Thou art still  
The refuge for all human ill.

6.

And thou wilt still be more to me,  
For that dear One who is with Thee ;  
Thus Thou wilt fill the vacant place  
In Thy deep tenderness and grace.

## LIV.—TEARS.

Even here,  
From His dear children's eyes, God wipes the tear ;  
And who would mourn, a tear should fill his eye  
For God to dry ;  
Angels might envy man his tearful eyes  
When God's hand dries.

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## LV.—THANKFULNESS.

## I.

And when life seemed a blank,  
And all thy heart within thee sank,  
Couldst thou thy God still thank ?

## 2.

Even as Christ above the wine and bread,  
Emblems to Him of agony and dread,  
Thanked God His blood for sinners should  
be shed.

## 3.

Then bless thy God in all such pain and loss,  
For teaching thee the lessons of the Cross ;  
The hardest stone He covers with His moss.



## LVI.—GOD'S PROMISES.

As the deep blue of Heaven brightens into stars,  
So God's great love shines forth in promises,  
Which, falling softly through our prison bars,  
Daze not our eyes, but with their soft light bless.  
Ladders of light God sets against the skies,  
Upon whose golden rungs we step by step arise,  
Until we tread the halls of Paradise.

---

## LVII.—TEMPTATION.

It is when birds of air  
Light on the ground to feed,  
That they are taken in the snare ;  
Therefore let us take heed,  
When we have left the firmament of prayer  
In daily walk of word and deed,  
Lest we be taken unaware  
    In the net  
    Of sin, which we forget  
Satan spreads everywhere.

---

## LVIII.—THE RACE.

Lord, Thou dost know  
How weak my footsteps are, how slow  
    To run the race  
    Of Thy grace,

Bound with the chain of dark besetting sin,  
While others move apace,  
Yet I, through Thee, the victory shall win ;  
Although I be the last to enter in,  
Thou still wilt wait,  
And for my little strength wilt open keep Thygate.

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## LIX.—HUMILITY.

Heaven's noblest winner,  
Even in his hour of entering into rest,  
Will smite upon his breast,  
With, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

---

## LX.—THE BEAM.

As I was passing my dear brother by,  
I saw a beam, as I thought, in his eye.  
Surely that beam Heaven's light must hide ;  
"Brother, O ! let me pull it out," I cried,  
"I will remove it speedily for thee,  
And thou shalt see."  
But while I was away, my heart's grim castle grey  
The Saviour entered, through its postern gate.  
Finding me out, He did resolve to wait  
Until I came, when it was late.

And through the darkened gloom  
I saw not the disorder of my room  
    Until he sadly sighed,  
And "Ephatha," he opened, cried,  
And then my eyes were opened, and I saw,  
    With awe,  
    My own heart's state.  
    And when next day  
My neighbour came for help, I bade him go his way :  
"I have too much to do," I cried, "within,  
To sweep my room and garnish it from sin."  
And when he asked me if his eye were clear,  
I could not tell him for a blinding tear.

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## LXI.—THE FOOTPRINT.

As toward Heaven my face was set  
I came unto a place where two ways met,  
One led to Paradise, and one away ;  
And fearful of myself lest I should stray,  
I paused that I might know  
Which was the way wherein I ought to go.  
The first was one my weary eyes to please,  
Winding along through pleasant fields of ease,  
Beneath the shadows of fair branching trees.  
"This path of calm and solitude  
Surely must lead to Heaven !" I cried,

In joyous mood,  
"Yon rugged one so rough for tired feet,  
The footpath of the world's too busy street,  
Lying amidst the haunts of human strife,  
Can never be the narrow way of life."  
But at that moment I thereon espied  
A footprint bearing trace of having bled,  
And knew it for the Christ's, so bowed my head,  
And followed where He led.

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#### LXII.—ENOCHS AND ELIJAHs.

Although no fiery chariot now doth wait  
To bear us upward through the eternal gate,  
Still Enochs and Elijahs we may be,  
"For whoso liveth and believes in Me,"  
The Christ hath said, "He never death shall see."  
We die in life, and live in death through Thee,  
O Christ, thou Lord of immortality.

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#### LXIII.—DEATH.

When death draws near,  
And I look up and see Thee at my side,  
Without a fear,  
Placing my hand in Thine, O Christ, my guide,  
I will arise and go unto my Father.

## LXIV.—THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

I stood at Heaven's gate  
Watching, unseen, the spirits thronging there,  
And passing through.  
Now, at the last, came two,  
One with a haughty Pharisaic air,  
Nor deemed that for a moment he should wait ;  
To him the porter opened not.  
While riveted, I could not leave the spot,  
Another came,  
Trembling all over, and o'erwhelmed with shame.  
He gave one feeble knock,  
No more,  
But it sufficed ;  
For, as exhausted with the shock,  
He for support leaned up against the door,  
It opened, and he fell into the arms of Christ.

---

## LXV.—WOMAN.

Woman, would'st thou descend  
From that high blessedness of love and peace,  
To which thy Saviour Friend  
Hath called thee in His mercy ? Cease, oh ! cease  
From thy vain strugglings after social might ;  
Thine is a nobler, far more glorious right.  
Why from that path of meek obedience swerve ?

That path Christ-chosen Jesus came to serve,  
And to a rude ambition sacrifice  
The "meek and quiet spirit of great price."  
Thine is the hand to keep the soft home light  
Burning upon God's altar, pure and bright ;  
And with the calmness of thine inner life  
To soothe those spirits worn with outer strife.  
How thou wouldst lose thy dignity of grace  
In the rude turmoil of the world's rough race?  
The blessed leisure of thy life employ  
In sympathy of sorrow and of joy,  
So shalt thou win from hearts that purest fame,  
Breathing to Heaven thy fondly uttered name ;  
And if for further honour thou dost pine,  
Then let thy greatness in thy children shine,  
And, in their Christian manliness and truth,  
Show forth the glorious lessons of their youth.  
Thus, from the little ones around thy knee,  
Ages to come, perchance, shall learn of thee,  
And when thou sleepest calmly 'neath the sod.  
Thy life shall still yield harvests unto God.

---

## LXVI.—DEATH AND THE JEWELS.

## 1.

"I am no thief," quoth Death, "I only borrow  
The treasures that I take from thee to-day ;  
Christ will restore thee four-fold on the morrow ;  
For when He comes again, He will repay."

## 2.

I looked at Death, my heart beat loud and faster :  
"In loan for Christ these treasures I receive ;  
I am the faithful servant of thy Master ;  
Doubt not," he said, "but earnestly believe."

## 3.

"Knowest thou," I cried, "that these are all my  
pleasures,  
Which thou art bearing to the far-off land?"  
As I reluctantly beheld my treasures,  
Shining like pearls in his dim orient hand.

## 4.

"Fear not," he said, as from my sight he slowly  
Vanished, the sunlight on his raven wings,  
Making them shine, half awful and half holy ;  
"These are the jewels of the King of kings."

## 5.

"These are His jewels, and to Him I bear them,  
To deck His robes of immortality ;  
These are thy treasures, and the Christ will wear  
    them,  
That where thy treasures are thy heart may be."

---

## LXVII.—THE UNSEEN.

## 1.

We walk beneath the shelter of God's wings,  
While by our pathway Hope, His angel, sings  
Of the unseen and everlasting things.

## 2.

She sings to us of Heaven, the great Homeland,  
And our eternal house, "not made with hand,"  
Preparing for us there by Christ's command.

## 3.

That not as strangers shall we reach its shore,  
Friendless, an unknown region to explore ;  
Our Elder Brother hath gone on before.

## 4.

And of the wondrous Resurrection hour,  
When from the dust of earth each buried flower  
Shall come forth, clothed with glory, honour, power.



## LXVIII.—SEA LESSONS.

## I.

I watched the ebb and flowing of the tide,  
And how the water the rough rocks did hide ;

Also, when it grew low,  
How it, receding out along the shore,  
Left them all re-exposed to view once more.

This fickleness of sea,  
An emblem and a contrast seemed to me—  
An emblem of the changefulness of man,  
His patience, love, forgiveness, flowing free  
One moment, over faults he would conceal,  
The next, receding, these same faults reveal

For every eye to scan.  
Not so the love of God, which doth abide  
To all eternity,  
Nor passeth to and fro.

## 2.

The blood of Christ doth flow  
A grand and pure majestic sea,  
To take the sins of earth away,  
And make them whiter than the snow ;  
Its waves sound in man's ears each day—  
O Lord, baptise me in its spray,  
Ere from the shore  
Of this poor world, for whom Christ died,  
This crimson tide  
Recedeth, to return no more.

## 3.

E'en when the sense  
Of God's great love flows in upon the soul ;  
The rocks of sin will upward creep,  
Though pure the waters roll,  
And deep.  
Thus it will be till we go hence  
Unto God's Heaven of innocence,

## 4.

There are who stand  
Watching the ocean wonders of Thy hand,  
Nor know that it is Thee  
Whom they admire in Thine unconscious sea.  
O, why will man to God a stranger be !  
Such glory in Creation seeing,  
None in the Great Creator Being !  
From their own Father fleeing.

---

LXIX.—SAINTS.

These little ones whom we despise,  
These are the saints whom God doth canonise ;  
Yea, humble names we know not or forget,  
High in the calendar of Heaven are set.  
Not lifted eyes,  
*But contrite hearts, find favour in the skies.*

## LXX.—WORRIES.

The little worries which we meet each day  
May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way,  
Or we may make them stepping stones to be  
Of grace, O Christ, to Thee.

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## LXXI.—“IF WE SAY WE HAVE NO SIN.”

E'en when the Holy Spirit hath set fire  
Unto sin's thorny briar,  
Which cumbereth our hearts with dark desire,  
Though day by day  
Its branches fall away  
In ashes, giving God more room  
For His abode within,  
It will not quite consume ;  
In Heaven alone our lips with truth may say,  
“ We have no sin.”

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## LXXII.—PATIENCE.

Earth waited for the Christ, and we must wait  
For lesser blessings round the Mercy Gate ;  
God's gifts are never late.

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## LXXIII.—HEAVEN.

Heaven lies  
Sometimes for us in darkened skies,  
And angel melodies in sighs.

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## LXXIV.—THE CLOUD.

The cloud which nearest to the moon doth lie  
Shineth the brightest in the midnight sky ;  
The pathway of that Christian is most bright  
Which cleaveth closest unto Christ the Light.

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## LXXV.—BETWEEN.

God hath drawn down the blinds of Heaven 'twixt us  
and Thee,  
But only lest we should too dazzled be  
With the full light,  
Which even through the blinds steals out upon the  
night,  
And is so bright  
For the dark strife of human life,  
And linger on to bask  
In the warm gleams, forgetful of life's task ;  
Which is to labour on amid earth's sin  
And dark distress,  
Making them less,  
Till through the opened door God calls us in.

## LXXVI.—SEEING JESUS.

We would see Jesus ! we have longed to see Him  
Since first the story of His love was told ;  
We would that He might sojourn now among us,  
As once He sojourned with the Jews of old.

We would see Jesus ! see the infant sleeping,  
As on our mother's knees we, too, have slept.  
We would see Jesus ! see Him gently weeping,  
As we, in infancy, ourselves have wept.

We would behold Him, as He wandered lowly,  
No room for Him, too often, in the inn ;  
Behold that life, the beautiful, the holy,  
And only sinless in this world of sin.

We would see Jesus ! we would have Him with us,  
A guest beloved, and honoured at our board ;  
How blessed were our bread if it were broken  
Before the sacred presence of our Lord.

We would see Jesus ! we would have Him with us,  
Friend of our households and our children dear,  
Who still, should death or sorrow come among us,  
Would hasten to us, and would touch the bier.

We would see Jesus ! not alone in sorrow,  
But we would have Him with us in our mirth ;  
He, at whose right hand there are joys for ever,  
Doth not disdain to bless the joys of earth.

We would see Jesus ! but the wish is faithless ;  
Thou still art with us, who hast loved us well ;  
Thy blessed promise, " I am with you always,"  
Is ever faithful, O Immanuel.

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LXXVII.—ALTOGETHER LOVELY.

" No beauty to desire in Thee."  
Ah ! Lord, it seemeth unto me  
Elsewhere I can no beauty see.



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